

My Norman Mailer

My best Mailer is modest
story of an army cook
who felt unappreciated

by the men. Thus becoming
“wife” in muted sexual satire.

Norman, army cook himself,
went on in fire and form.
American mouth, Jewish

intellectual. Bitter combatant
flaring many a kitchen as shy
Rabbis fled through pantries.

He fit that kitchen box.
Others he smashed, as
did Picasso. (That original

box man, Aristotle,
Assistant Professor, part-
timing at Sears and burning

for tenure, should know all
tends to parody.) But

last view of Mailer scrabbling
with two canes up a staircase
toward the place to write.

That’s a memory
worth his salt.